

The Pinkerton Critic



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The Pinkerton Critic

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EDITORIAL



LIFE AT PINKERTON ACADEMY

Sometimes my thoughts wander back over the happy days I have spent at Pinkerton, or ahead to the days I hope to spend indulging in its pleasant life.

Perhaps it is only natural for most freshmen to think sometimes; "Boy! Is high school life tough!" However, one finds, as time moves relentlessly on, such a life can be borne. Upper classmen, especially the sophomores who still bear the marks of **their** first year, have a great deal of fun with the poor "frosh." How often it is that a freshman is sent back to the cafeteria with a milk bottle, after having trudged his weary way up the walks through rain, snow, sleet, or slush! Nevertheless, the humble "frosh" does have one night "to howl"—the night of the freshman reception. This reception is put on by the Senior Class, with the sophomores "doing the honors" of decorating the now **honored** freshmen, as well as any newly appointed faculty members.

Now we will leave the hen-pecked freshmen for their superiors, the more educated sophomores.

One usually dislikes re-entering school after his enjoyable summer vacation, but the new sophomores bear the burden the easier for no longer being despised freshmen. They are no longer the abused; they settle down to being good "abusers", thinking of the best way to initiate the new freshmen, and of how many steps can be saved by using them.

A most exciting sport for sophomores is to "make mince-meat" out of the freshmen on the football field. Though not very often, the freshmen sometimes turn the tide and defeat the sophomores in the annual game. I happened to be on the last sophomore team to be defeated. The freshmen did not exactly "make mince-meat" out of us, but they took great pleasure in making us look foolish. However, unlike the Nipponese, I haven't heard of anyone committing hari-kari for "loss of face".

Outstanding among sophomore festivities is the observance of Hallowe'en. The "sophs" always have a good time planning their party, which is enjoyed by all the classes. An interesting tradition takes place after the last dance—the rush of each class to get under its class banner which always hangs in chapel, and yell their heads off trying to start their class cheer first, and to finish louder than all the other three classes put together.

The Juniors' two chief functions are the Junior Prom and the Junior Play. These affairs mean a great deal to the Juniors, and all are so anxious for a successful year that it is a great relief to the nervous system when both affairs are successfully "over with".

Looking ahead, the Juniors are anxious for the taste of being **Seniors**, which honor they receive on class day. The senior privilege most enjoyed, perhaps, is the use of the front door.

Of late years the seniors have extended the right of receiving class rings to the juniors, while they are still juniors.

The seniors put on their class play with comparatively little nervousness, and everyone enjoys their splendid presentation.

Class dues, which have accumulated during the four-year stay, are used for a class trip just before commencement, and the seniors certainly "let themselves go", completely!

Commencement day is at the same time happy and sad. The seniors are happy to have finished high school successfully, but who can leave, never to return as a student, never to enjoy the sports and socials his class has participated in, without regret? Looking over her beautiful campus, who can help but think, if not say: "Long live dear old P. A.! May she forever flourish, and send forth men and women, well-educated and well-prepared, from her portals! And may those who thus go forth continue to take a prominent part in world affairs for the continued honor and glory of Pinkerton Academy!"

Anonymous

DREAMS OF AN UNDERGRADUATE

As I sat in the study room, my mind drifted back over two and a half years to the time when I first entered Pinkerton Academy as a freshman.

How beautiful and exciting it seemed as I stood and looked over the campus where I was to spend so much time during the ensuing four years. I was fascinated by the upper classmen, hurrying from one class to another, never hesitating. I, myself, had to go slow, for I was much in doubt as to where I should be and how I should get there. Gradually, though, this doubtfulness left me, and I, too, walked with the assured steps of an upperclassman.

The freshman year passed, each day filled with some new enjoyment—electing officers, putting on our class program, or cheering at football, basketball and baseball games.

The next fall I arrived back at the Academy as a sophomore. The first day, as I marched into chapel, I felt a pang of authority over the freshmen in front of me. I was a Sophomore, and I wanted these new students to know it.

During the sophomore year, all activities, such as the inter-class games, programs and parties, went along smoothly and successfully. Soon my second year at the Academy was over.

The next fall saw me once again at Pinkerton's door; this time as a Junior. How exciting the junior year is—with the Junior Prom and the Junior Play leading the festivities.

Back in the study room I came to the realization that I had carried my thoughts up to the present time. I then started looking into the future to my senior year.

Every undergraduate looks forward to the senior year. Then "Angels' Abode" will be neglected for the front door. All the senior privileges which I have envied for three years will be mine to use at will.

I will experience the thrill of going to the Senior Corn Roast, Kid Party, and on the Class Trip. Then will come graduation, the high point of my four years at Pinkerton Academy. This event has been looked forward to above all

things, but when it is reached, it will be experienced with a great deal of sadness. My four years at Pinkerton Academy, the happiest years of my life, perhaps, will be over.

It seems too bad that some of my fellow classmates, who have looked forward to the senior year as eagerly as I, will not be here to enjoy it. They have left Pinkerton Academy to protect the privilege of being able to go to school in a country where freedom and liberty still reign, but in our thoughts they will still be with us as we go up on the stage to receive our diplomas that eventful day in June, 1944.

Pauline Cassidy '44

Class Notes

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

The seniors' school days are quickly coming to an end, so let's look back to see just what has been happening in the class for the past few months.

First of all, those seniors whom you saw running around mumbling to themselves were not altogether crazy. It was just a case of memorizing lines for the class play, "The Trailer Man," under Miss Monfils' direction. The play was a huge success. After all, with the cast and management it had, it couldn't be anything but a success.

Throughout all the classes we've seen the class pictures circulating. Everyone of the seniors was completely satisfied and happy over the pictures this year. The Vantine Studios did an excellent job, in spite of the war and the shortages it has caused in frames and paper.

Our reliable treasurer, Frank Moynihan, joined the Marines in January, leaving a vacancy in the class and the problem of electing a new treasurer. Irene Martel, who was Frank's secretary, was elected by a large majority to take his place. Good luck to both of you.

In sports our class certainly is keeping up with its old standards. The boys, under the supervision of Captain Roland Routhier, are winning a lot of their games. The girls hope to be the champions again this year as they were last. Rita Marquis is their captain.

Connie Clark was a recent visitor to the Academy, and it certainly seemed good to see our old class secretary roaming around for a whole day.

There are still quite a few students left in the class, but if any more leave school, the subject will become just a gruesome thought. The Manning Twins left in February and are living in Hartford, Connecticut, now. They certainly helped a lot to make our class one of the best in the school, and we all miss them.

SENIOR EXPOSURES

When you let your eyes dance to and fro on this column, you will find the sum of all that could be gathered from rumors. There should be no secrets in this life of ours, so just smile your cares away if you are in one of the following:

Ray Hall is still "Fording" up and down Birch Street. Everyone was glad that the night of the Junior Prom wasn't a rainy one, because water has a habit of rushing into the car—hasn't it, Ray?

Speaking of Fords, we might add that a nineteen twenty-nine model seems to be a favorite with Rita Legendre.

Everyone was puzzled in history class, when Mr. Hackler sang "Merrily (Merrill-y) We Roll Along" to George Patten. What's the story, George?

Oh, have you heard that one of our seniors was seen in a barber shop having a—yes, you guessed it. Robertson had a whiffle-cut.

You all know George, or you ought to. Will he (Willey) flirt with the women if he can?

Just what is the meaning of the expression, "Variety is the spice of life?" Marilyn, you ought to be able to give us a good answer. First it's Manchester, then Newton, now it's just a problem.

We hear that Vinny Blais is a professional at saying goodbye to two certain redheads, especially one of them. We may be wrong, though.

So redheads have quite a temper—maybe that's the answer to one in the class falling for an Irish fighter. Is it the competition she wants?

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

One of the most important events to the Junior class this term was the Junior Prom. This prom was held on February 12, 1943. Music was furnished by Za Za Ludwig and his orchestra.

The sides of the hall represented the railing and sides of a ship. Covering the arch was a large American flag made of crepe paper. Crepe paper fishnet covered the lights and windows.

Another important event which is yet to take place is the Junior Play. This is scheduled to take place on April 16, 1943, at Adams Memorial Hall. The play, "Don't Take My Penny," is under the direction of Miss Margaret Monfils. The cast is made up of the following:

Geraldine Stannard	Robert Bover	Thomas Caron
Glenna Cote	Wallace Scott	Leander Burdick
Reva Wright	Jean Young	Marjorie Andrews
Hilda Estabrook	Roger Stewart	Virginia Smith
Ruth Severance	William Merrill	Thurman Johnson
Muriel Bain	Pauline DuVarney	

We'd like to take this opportunity to thank the Senior class for giving us permission to send for our rings early and wear them when we received them.

George Kachavos and Robert Bover were on the varsity basketball team. Helen Berry played on the girls' varsity team. Also playing on the varsity team at different times were:

Glenna Cote	Geraldine Stannard
Virginia Smith	Pauline DuVarney

In class basketball the junior girls defeated the senior girls in the finals. The score was 22-15. Maizie Carey was captain of the junior team. Playing on the team were:

Right Forward:	Pauline DuVarney
Left Forward:	Elaine Pitt

Center Forward :	Virginia Smith
Center Guard :	Helen Lambert
Left Guard :	Geraldine Stannard
Right Guard :	Maizie Carey

The boys, also, were victorious in the finals. They defeated the freshmen boys 17-16. Raymond Buckley and Thurman Johnson were co-captains. Members of the team were:

Right Forward :	Herbert Bean
Left Forward :	Thurman Johnson
Center	Roger Stewart
Left Guard :	Thomas Caron
Right Guard :	Raymond Buckley

Substitutes

Leander Burdick

Leon Smith

Ronald Evans

DID 'YA' KNOW?

1. That Maizie Carey is true to the Army Air Corps?
2. That Pauline Cassidy not only spoiled Robert Eddy's alibi, but his excuse for making another visit, when she returned his hat to his mother?
3. It seems to be the style to leave things because Al Booky, of all things, left his eye glasses at 11 Birch Street one evening? Imagine!
4. That Pauline DuVarney's favorite song is "Can't Get Out of This Mood"? Why? Well, maybe a certain nice-looking sophomore boy could tell you.
5. That we doubt if Leander Burdick's interest in the Baptist Church is purely religious?
6. That Buster Caron preferred redheads, but could he tell them apart?
7. That Leon Smith and Claire Bienvenue are frequent Saturday afternoon movie companions?
8. That Dorothy Merrill thinks the fireman's carry is quite the thing? If you'd like a free demonstration, see George Patten.

SOPHOMORE/CLASS NOTES

The Sophomore Class put on a program during an activity period, that revealed unknown talent in the class. It was put on under the supervision of Mr. Nicoll. The committee was as follows:

Chairman, Frederick Ball

Barbara Griffin

Henry Spaulding

Nathalie Chadwick

Robert Eddy

To the amazement of the student body, when the curtain was raised, a full-fledged symphony orchestra, led by Robert Johnson, was playing. A destructive quartette of boys sang. The audience appreciated the "destructive" qualities in the boys. Top ranking dancers introduced as "Pat" and "Nat" tapped to the tune of "Mr. Five by Five." Walter Winchell, played by Sherman Brickett, breathlessly giving "flash" after "flash" of news, paralyzed the listeners.

The soloists of the program were James Gratton, Gladys Hoisington and Claire Dion. A group of popular songs were sung by the "Jones Sisters," otherwise

known as Barbara Griffin, Claire Cote, Barbara Gallien, Gloria Gallien, Claire Dion, Janice Abbott, Areadne Katsakiores, and Barbara Fowler. Elaine Latulippe gave a monologue. Frederick Tupper and Henry Spaulding played popular songs on their clarinets. Claire Dion and Henry Spaulding were the accompanists for this program.

The Sophomore Class welcomed Verna O'Brien back from Staten Island where she had been attending Curtis High School.

SOPHOMORE SPORTS

The first half of interclass basketball games were played very successfully by the sophomore boys. They won three games and lost two. The scores were:

Sophomores — 10	Juniors — 9
Sophomores — 13	Seniors — 10
Sophomores — 7	Freshmen — 12

The half ended in a three-way tie between the Seniors, Juniors and Sophomores. In the first play-off with the seniors, the sophomores were victorious by a score of 23 to 17. However, in the second play-off with the juniors, the sophomores were defeated by a score of 23 to 9. The sophomore lineup is as follows:

Right Forward:	Henry Spaulding
Left Forward:	George Bellavance
Center:	Frederick Ball
Left Guard:	Albert Perkins
Right Guard:	Robert Johnson

Substitutes:

Harold Moynihan	William Routhier
George Hicks	Charles Dooley

William Levandowski and Albert Booky acted as coaches.

The sophomore girls did well in the first half of inter-class basketball games.

They won two games and lost one. The scores were:

Sophomores — 6	Seniors — 3
Sophomores — 10	Juniors — 12
Sophomores — 12	Freshmen — 2

Barbara Gallien is captain of the team, and Claire Dion is manager.

The sophomore lineup is as follows:

Right Forward:	Nathalie Chadwick
Left Forward:	Claire Dion
Center Forward:	Gloria Gallien
Center Guard:	Areadne Katsakiores
Left Guard:	Claire Cote
Right Guard:	Barbara Gallien

Substitutes:

Ethel Bailey	Barbara Fowler	Janice Abbott
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SOPHOMORE SAUCE

Katsy, watch out for that blaze (Blais)!

Guess what! Doris Joslyn has suddenly become musically inclined. Drums at that.

For whom is the Sophomore Class taking up a collection to buy blocks so that "he" can figure out his geometry problems?

Mills has wheels on his car and Wheel(ers) in it.

FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES

The class of "46" has elected its class officers for the following year:

President	Ernest Booky
Vice-President	Yvonne Bibeault
Secretary	Vera Wingate
Treasurer	Wayne Evans

Student Council Members: Claire Bienvenue, Donald Small.

Green and white have been chosen as our class colors. Our class cheerleaders are Margie Cummings and Shirley Abbott.

Our class is very proud of Paul Jodoin, who left us in January in order to join the armed forces. After two operations, he succeeded in joining up with the Marines.

Freshman Interclass Basketball

The Freshman interclass games did not turn out very well in the first half. The freshmen lost all the games.

The first defeat went to the seniors on January 14, by a score of 10-4.

The next game was with the sophomores, who defeated us on January 23, by a score of 12-10.

The last game of the first-half was played on January 26, with the juniors. They won by a score of 23-16.

The boys from the Freshman Class on the inter-class basketball team are:

Right Forward:	Captain Merton Johnson
Left Forward:	Charles Johns
Center:	Kenneth Hartman
Left Guard:	Raymond Thibeault
Right Guard:	Robert Record

Substitutes

Charles Waterman	Maurice Aiken
Richard Joyce	Ernest Booky

Raymond Levesque

The Freshman Class was honored by having two freshmen boys placed on the varsity. They were Raymond Thibeault and Kenneth Hartman.

The freshman girls' inter-class basketball games were not any more successful than those of the boys.

The sophomore girls defeated the freshmen by a score of 12-2. Also, the senior girls defeated us by a score of 19-15. The junior girls defeated us in the last game of the first half by a score of 18-12.

The captain of the freshman inter-class team was Amy Bunker, who was also the only freshman girl on the varsity. The manager was Phyllis Carey. Others on the team were:

Right Forward:	Shirley Abbott
Left Forward:	Amy Bunker
Center:	Margie Cummings
Left Guard:	Marilyn Gordon
Right Guard:	Yvonne Bibeault
Center Guard:	Claire Bienvenue

Substitutes

Louise Smith

Phyllis Carey

FRESHMAN RUMORS

Record and Booky wouldn't know anything about Senter's Furniture Store, would they?

The Freshman Class is wondering what freshman girl makes a special point of going down Birch Street on her way home?

Pat and Crabbie's recollections of the Lawrence game must still be pleasant. Do games always last so long?

What adorations these freshman girls hold for those junior boys. Does "Beanie" know he comes in for his share?

Talk about your slave bracelets, a freshman boy shouldn't let that sophomore gal get such a grip on him!

Freshman girls and junior boys go hand in hand———in the movies.

Army insignias, two at that. Do freshmen gals rate that?

Literary Section

I WAS NEW HERE

The school was old, but I was new. Yes, the school was old, for my mother, my grandmother and even my great grandmother had gone to school here. They had all been new here once, and now I, too, found myself entering the Academy. However, this school was well known, and I soon found that it offered many opportunities to every student. The campus itself was of particular interest.

On a September morning when the dew was still wet on the closely cut green blades of grass, I followed a group of girls to a class in Haynes House. Across the road, boys were busy feeding the animals, while on the other side of the house the freshmen hurried along, chattering as they went, to the Freshman Building. Cars occupied the space in the south-western corner of the campus. The picture was interesting, if only because it was new.

In early November we were still going to the Haynes House for classes, though the days were growing shorter and cooler. I no longer followed the girls, however, for I was now one of them. We scuffled along through fallen leaves, while from the trees a few bright yellow and red ones left their branches to join the fluttering throng below. Across the road, the boys still worked on the farm;

but the freshmen seemed to walk slower and in smaller groups to their classes. On the tennis court two senior girls were putting the net up, and it looked as though it would be a lively game that we would see from the window of the sun-porch this morning. This picture was a crisp and colorful one, and I liked it because I had learned to; I was no longer new.

The sun was just rising over Haynes House, and it was winter. The world was blanketed with white; and here on its hill, the school stood in all its dignity, inviting all who wished, to learn. The boys were shoveling a path to the farm while we followed the path to the Freshman Building, for our class was no longer held in Haynes House; there was no fuel to heat it. The campus was beautiful in its new white robe, and I felt a part of it; I belonged here.

The buds had not all burst open, but there was one tree that could boast a complete foliage. A new noise was heard, the song of a bird. The ground was soft and still a bit wet, but we were light-hearted, for it was spring, and a new world lay before us. We walked, not down the path to the Freshman Building, but across the campus, to Haynes House once more. Someone whistled as he walked to the newly ploughed section of the farm. The campus, long covered with snow and ice, had awakened once more.

That morning was definitely the beginning of a hot day. No one wanted to walk; everyone seemed intent on hurrying before the heat of the day prevailed. There was so much to be done in the last week of school. It was the last week of my first year. A year, and where had it gone? I knew, of course I knew.

It had gone into my head, my heart and my mind; and there it dwelled. Here was a year that had given to me a school, a school with friends, work, knowledge, disappointments and joys. It had taught me the meaning of loyalty and understanding. No one person, no one organization had given me this; instead it was everything and everyone who had done it, all had made me love the life on this campus.

Geraldine Stannard '44

HOME AGAIN

After having been away from Pinkerton Academy for quite some time, I appreciate all it offers its students more than I ever did before.

Four months is not really a very long length of time, but it seems long when all the usual school social events are cut out of it. Most city high schools do not have social affairs such as Vic Dances, the Freshman Reception, and the Hallowe'en Party at all, and the Junior Prom is strictly for Juniors and Seniors. Coming back to Pinkerton and all these things seems almost like a vacation to me.

Nevertheless, I enjoyed the experience of going to another school. Especially, it was fun to see the almost rapt expressions on my friends' faces when I told them of all the "doings" at Pinkerton.

One of the nicest things about Pinkerton Academy, and one of the things I missed the most, is the Chapel exercises held every morning. Chapel seems to start the day right, and even in four months I could not get used to having just a class to look forward to every morning.

Some other high schools may have more and better equipment to work with than Pinkerton has, but, as far as I have been able to see, they do not use it to such

good advantage as does Pinkerton. It was easy to realize this by just listening to students of the school I went to. The only thing they had to console them and to be proud of was the size of their school—but, you have all heard the saying, “quality rather than quantity counts.”

One question that has been asked me frequently is, “Doesn’t Pinkerton seem small to you after going to a large high school?” Well, of course, it does seem smaller in actual size. However, if anything, it seems larger in meaning and that, after all, is what really counts.

Verna O’Brien ’45

THE S-94

“Eighty degrees, right by .0324, steady as she goes.” There came a pause, and then that eternal moment was shattered by the captain’s voice, “Fire” and then “Dive”. The submarine went to a depth of ninety feet where it rested on the bottom. Just at this moment the crew heard the familiar, “karp,” of metal being blown to smithereens.

Such was the every day routine of the submarine S-94. The captain was a husky Texan, but without a drawl. He was praised by his crew for being cool at the most terrible moments. This time it had been a Jap transport; the last time it had been a Jap destroyer, the time before it had been—and so on for innumerable times.

The S-94, now out of torpedos, was forced to return to its base. This meant dodging depth charges, but the men were anxious to get home, to see if they had any mail. Besides, they deserved a rest after sleeping and eating in cramped quarters for months.

After several weeks the S-94 headed into her home base to obtain supplies and to give the crew several weeks’ vacation. At the dock there were no bands nor people cheering. They were greeted by the cold blackness of falling night.

Several weeks passed, and the S-94 again headed for the open sea. A few mechanics whispered softly to themselves. One was heard to say, “God Bless, You, Boys”. We hope that God heard his blessing, because—the S-94—was never heard from again.

Raymond Levesque ’46

THE GRADUATES

The graduates are going forth,	But schooldays are done, and work’s begun ;
God bless them every one,	They learn to their regret,
To run this hard and stubborn world	The College of Experience
Just as it should be run.	They have not mastered yet.
As seniors they are free to think	They’ll find that in the School of Life
Their wisdom is complete.	Acts count for more than dreams ;
They’ve but to ask—the world will lay	And running this old earth is not
Its trophies at their feet.	As easy at it seems.

Donald Page ’46

SPRING

You swept the clouds
From out of my sky,
And tamed the storm wind
As it tore by.

You stopped the winter,
And changed the snow
Into friendly rain
So that flowers might grow.
Clair Cote '45

TREES IN PINKERTON YARD

As one stands on the steps at Pinkerton, he looks upon a group of friendly trees. Maples march along the driveway; spruce decorate the lawns; and tall pines arose above them all, shading the yard the year round. In summer the shade is heavy and cooling; in the fall leaves turn a thousand colors; in the winter the trees reach out their branches begging to be covered with snow.

Trees in Pinkerton Yard welcome the student in the morning and wave him farewell as they watch him start homeward in the evening.

David Hubbard '46

Boys' Athletics

Well, fans, again, as in football, the basketball squad had trouble in securing games. In spite of all the hazards, a promising schedule of fourteen games was arranged, and the season went on as in years before.

The boys met up with their first bit of competition when they defeated a strong Alumni team by a score of 45 to 33 in the opening game, on the home court. Although only two veterans returned, the varsity made a good showing.

The next game proved to be just a good scrimmage. It was played against Woodbury High School at Salem. After overcoming the disadvantage of a small court at the beginning of the game, the Pinkerton hoopsters peppered the basket, and as the final whistle blew, the scoreboard read 38 to 8 in favor of the Academians. The score proved that the boys had played an excellent defensive game.

The Pinkerton quintet ran into some strong opposition in their next encounter, which was against Methuen. The playing of "Joe" Kachavos and George Willey was especially outstanding throughout the entire game, with both boys raining the basket with shots. At the end of the final quarter, the score was 38 to 18 in favor of the home team.

This season, for the first time in many years, the Pinkerton team traveled to Manchester to play the strong and hitherto undefeated St. Joseph's High. Up to this date, the red and white was also undefeated. The entire contest proved to be very exciting with each team trying to outscore his rival. At the end of the first period P. A. was out in front by a score of 5 to 4; at the half-time it was still Pinkerton's game by a score of 15 to 12; at the end of the third period St. Joseph's had tied the locals 24 to 24. In the fourth and final period St. Joseph held a slight edge and defeated the boys 33 to 25. Although they had been beaten in score, the boys were not defeated in spirit and fight.

Still smarting from their defeat, Pinkerton turned to meet Central Catholic from Lawrence. It so happens that when a club is beaten, the players find it hard to get back into the winning column. Because of this disadvantage the fellows

tasted their second defeat which resulted in a score of 33 to 25 in favor of the visitors.

After a shake up in the squad, and the atmosphere had regained its normal temperature, a snappy Pinkerton five took the floor against a superior team from Lawrence. In the excitement, the Pinkerton team defeated the Lawrence Y. M. C. A. in an over-time period 36 to 34. "Joe" Kachavos sank the winning basket.

Still in the winning column, Pinkerton defeated Epping High School on the latter's court, racking up 36 points to their opponents' 29. Throughout the entire game the P. A. hoopsters were in the lead.

When Pinkerton met Woodbury of Salem in the second game, they put on an exhibition of a new brand of ball playing. From the very start the home team was well in the lead, playing a fast and most successful type of game. Every member of the team helped to add to the score which was somewhat lopsided, 50-17.

In the second encounter of the season with Central Catholic of Lawrence, the Pinkerton Academy boys were forced to bow to their opponents 43-24. This defeat was the third suffered by the team, against six victories.

Tewksbury High School filled one of the open dates on the schedule. The home team played a good offensive game and led from the beginning. The final score was 51-17. The second team made a very good showing and was able to help with the scoring honors.

It appeared that the teams in Lawrence are a jinx for the P. A. team this year. Pinkerton journeyed to Lawrence and again was turned down by the Y. M. C. A. Seniors by a slight margin of 39-37. The contest proved to be one of the most thrilling of the season.

The same old jinx held true in the Methuen game, but by a wonderful defensive play, our quintet was able to nose out Methuen High by a mere three points. The final tally brought the score to 25-22.

The game that all of the fans had been waiting for finally came. Pinkerton performed before a capacity crowd at the home gym when they took the floor against St. Joseph's Cathedral of Manchester. Although the red and white had already suffered defeat from this powerful team, they went on the floor with the urge to win. Partly because of their fine spirit and partly due to their ability to play, they came within two points of tying the team that held the basketball championship of Manchester. George Kachavos did his part by sinking several long shots that aided in putting the team ahead. Even though the boys did their best, they were unable to bring the score any higher than 32-30.

Pinkerton met Epping on the home court for the final game of the season. Throughout the entire game the red and white hoopsters led in the scoring and pushed a 38-16 defeat on the visitors.

Juniors vs. Freshmen

In what appeared to be the most exciting game of the entire interclass basketball tournament, the Juniors were able to defeat the Freshmen by a slight margin of 17-16. Although the Frosh were looked upon as the underdogs, they were able to keep ahead of the upperclassmen until the final period began. It was during the final stanza that the Juniors sank the winning basket making the champion team.

Girls' Athletic Notes

The basketball season began the first week in December with a splendid turnout. Plans for class games and future practices commenced under the coaching of Mrs. Draper.

The Varsity squad was comprised of the following girls under the leadership of Grace Bibeault:

Madelene Manning	Pauline Duvarney	Areadne Katsakiores
Wanda Kisiel	Geraldine Stannard	Marilyn Dumont
Ruth Torrey	Helen Berry	Margaret Manning
Phyllis Ball	Amy Bunker	Virginia Smith
	Glenna Cote	

The first game of the season was played on December 19, 1942, at Legion Hall with the Alumnae girls. The latter put up a good fight, but the Pinkerton girls came out on top with a score of 22-7.

We were sorry to see Mrs. Draper leave her coaching job after the Christmas vacation, because the girls felt that she had started us off on the road to victory.

Her successor, Miss Briggs, has taken her place with many successful results.

Under the supervision of our new coach, the girls met the Woodbury High School girls at Salem, N. H. on January 12, 1943. On this first game out of town, the Pinkerton girls did very well, coming out victorious with a score of 30-17.

January 26, 1943, Pinkerton played Epping at Epping. The final score resulted in a 29-16 victory for the Pinkerton girls.

In a return game with Woodbury at Derry on January 30, 1943, the Pinkerton girls again defeated the Woodbury girls by a score of 28-7.

The squad was more than ever determined to try for an undefeated season when four more games were added to their schedule.

On February 5, 1943, the Pinkerton girls won the toughest game they had yet played—against Johnson at North Andover, Mass. Grace Bibeault was the high scorer of the game which ended with a score of 29-25.

In a return game at Derry on February 10, 1943, Johnson again was defeated by the ever-determined Pinkerton Academy girls, by a score of 27-11.

In the seventh game of the season, the Pinkerton girls were once more victorious, this time over St. Joseph's of Manchester, N. H. The final score was 32-21.

February 23, 1943 — Pinkerton girls, still undefeated, swamped the St. Joseph girls in a return game by a score of 22-10.

The Pinkerton Academy girls wound up their season in glory by defeating the Epping girls at Legion Hall by a score of 40-10.

By winning this game, the girls' team becomes the first undefeated girls' basketball team in the history of the school.

The Junior girls ended the interclass basketball season victoriously by defeating the Seniors 22-15, thereby becoming champions under the leadership of Maizie Carey.

Humor

Mr. Stergios: Can you give me an example of heat causing expansion and cold, contraction?

Patten: Sure, that's easy! In the summer it's hot, and the days are longer, and in the winter it's cold, so the days are shorter.

Soldier: Say, could you tell me where the other side of the street is?

M. P.: Sure, right over there.

Soldier: That's funny! I just asked someone over there, and he said it was over here.

Root: What do you do when you are in doubt about kissing a girl?

Drape: Oh, I give her the benefit of the doubt.

Bill: Is that fellow lazy!

Vinny: How do you know?

Bill: Because I've been sitting here all day, watching him.

Mr. Hackler: What is a mandate?

Margie P.: That's a date with a man, of course.

Chaddie: Hey, Nort, what are you building?

Kelly: I don't know: I haven't finished yet!

Taylor: Hey, Vin, did you hear why a child's arm is only eleven inches long?

Vin: No, why?

Taylor: Well, because if it were twelve inches long, it would be a foot.

Flattery is soft soap; soft soap is 90% lye (lie).

Crow Notes

We wonder why Glenna Cote's new theme song is "Haysie Doesn't Walk Here Anymore".

"Don" may not have been a regular on St. Joe's varsity, but he is a regular fellow. Ask Grace, she should know.

The Manning Twins are gone, but not forgotten.

We wonder why Phyllis took a short cut home from the Policeman's Ball.

Mr. Moore, what are your (Hope)s for the future?

We wonder what the argument was about that keeps Pauline DuVarney and Bill Stewart from talking to each other.

Pressey, it seems that everyone doesn't know who lives on Summit Ave., especially the florists.

We wonder who Ray Thibeault's "Flora" Dora is.

Remember Dot, decorations are limited to the chapel only and not Buckley's face.

We wonder when Dumont is going to hang out a service flag. How many stars now, Marilyn?

Chasie's new stamping grounds—Pelham.

We wonder what's so inviting about the standpipe—Patten.

Pretty convenient—just crossing the street, eh, Eddy?

Roving Reporter

AIR CORPS TRAINING DETACHMENT

New England Aircraft School

Boston, Massachusetts

Dear Roving Reporter,

I suppose that you are all wondering what is happening "behind the scenes" in the Air Corps. The best place to begin would be at the Induction Center. Of course, this is only as I saw it, and probably every soldier saw it a little differently, but fundamentally it's all the same.

I arrived at Fort Devens, Massachusetts, the evening of November the second. Just as soon as I stepped out of the bus, I found myself involved in a confusion that I'll never forget. It seemed as though everyone was giving his vocal chords exercise by shouting out orders. For three days all I heard was the word "Rookie", and soon it got so that I jumped to attention if anyone even as much as whispered. After what seemed years, I was finally shipped to Atlantic City.

Atlantic City seemed, at first, an ideal place to be, but after about two days we actually found out that we weren't there to have a vacation. As I look back over my month and a half there, all I can actually remember is drilling. When it wasn't drilling, it was that well known K. P. and guard duty. Oh, my feet hurt just thinking of it!

After three "false alarms" on the shipping orders, I finally was shipped from "no man's land" to that familiar New England city of Boston.

I can't even begin to describe New England Aircraft School; sometimes I wonder if it is all true. After Atlantic City it is truly a "soldier's heaven".

New England Aircraft School is one of the largest buildings of its type in Boston. It is a complete army post in itself. On the fourth floor, where the mess hall is located, is the canteen. It sports a soda fountain and is, in addition, a sort of general store where we can purchase nearly everything from souvenirs and stationery to shoe polish and cigarettes. On the same floor we have a recreation hall with its billiard and ping-pong tables, all of which afford us a lot of real pleasure, too. There's a piano here, and many of the fellows get together occasionally to run through the "barber shop" songs. Also on this floor are located the post office, tailor shop and barber shop.

Our studies include airplane structures, airplane hydraulic systems, engine carburetion and induction systems, airplane electrical systems, propellers, engine repair, operation and test, engine change and inspection, and airplane maintenance and inspection.

I know this sounds like a lot of work. Well, it is, but we really have a lot of fun doing it. Like many of your classes at Pinkerton Academy, these have their dull times, but as in Pinkerton Academy, we have pride in our work and our school.

Remember, your work at Pinkerton is just as important to our country right now as my work is. If any of you students want to be of great service to your country, complete your studies there and then join the best branch of the service, the Air Corps.

As mechanics in the United States Army Air Force, it is our duty to see that Uncle Sam's fighter planes, bombers, transports, observation planes, and other war craft are kept in shape to stay aloft and carry out their respective assignments.

Remember, you help us by doing your part, and we will "Keep 'em Flying".

Your P. A. pal,

P. f. c., Ralph N. Watts

23rd A. A. F. G. T. D.

Hamilton, Texas

Dear Roving Reporter,

I was greatly honored when I was asked to write this letter.

I was called to active duty on the sixteenth of November. I reported at Fort Devens but was there only six days.

The morning of November 21 I boarded a train for Lubbock, Texas, which was a replacement center. While there I passed my 6 - 4 physical which took about a day and a half. After this I waited around for a week.

My next stop was the A. A. F. Navigation School at Hondo, Texas, where I got my basic training. My basic training consisted of five weeks of drill and calisthenics. This was very hard work and reminded me of football practice back in grand old P. A.

On the fifth of January, I arrived in Hamilton, Texas, to begin flying, finally.

I was fairly lucky and soloed in one hour and fifty minutes. Then my first big moment came, I was to execute my first dead-stick landing. I climbed to one thousand feet and then turned off the gas and switch and proceeded to land. I knew it would be like a parachute jump and that the first attempt had to be good, because if you over-shoot or under-shoot the field, there is no chance to try it over, as the engine is turned off. After all had completed this, we landed dead-stick from all altitudes to five thousand feet. There is a definite traffic pattern to follow from all altitudes

Several times during the course we took check rides. On every landing there was a definite spot on the field where we had to set the wheels down.

Night flying proved very interesting, also. We got in five hours of that. It was a lot of fun, as you could not see the ground, and you have to be very careful on your landings, as the lights on the field are very tricky sometimes.

My last few days in Hamilton consisted of a two-hundred-mile cross-country trip. This was a lot of fun, but we had to be very careful not to get lost.

The ground school was very hard, and it consisted only of navigation and meteorology. They are both very hard subjects.

I hope to see you all soon.

Sincerely yours,
A/S Roland Dion
Class of "42"

Alumni Notes

These are a few of the names of people in the service of our country whom we omitted in our last issue:

NAVY

Cadieux, Edward	Hamer, Kenneth	Richardson, William
Durkee, Raymond	Otis, George	Scott, Arthur
	Sives, John	Varney, Clayton

MARINES

Moy, Sidney	Moynihn, Frank	Ralston, John
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WAACS

Gedney, Doris	Grady, Ruth	Hutton, Mildred
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ARMY NURSE

Piper, Virginia

ARMY

Ackerman, Charles	Hanson, Hans	Piper, Charles
Bennett, Frank	Hepworth, Alfred	Provencher, Russell
Boisvert, Bernard	Hilberg, Herman	Richardson, Howard
Christie, Herbert	Jensen, Douglas	Robie, Gordon
Faubert, Russell	King, Wallace	Ross, Leroy
Gagnon, James	Kuligowski, Stanley	Senter, Robert
Hall, George	Morin, Basil	Sheldon, George
Hamer, Russell	Pieroni, Leo	Torrey, Prescott
	Woodward, Pierce	

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